A POWER COMIC

WANT LAUGHS? WANT EXCITEMENT? YOU WANT...

SMASH!

No. 104
27th JAN. 1968
EVERY MONDAY
7d

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MORE ON THE FLIPSIDE FANS →

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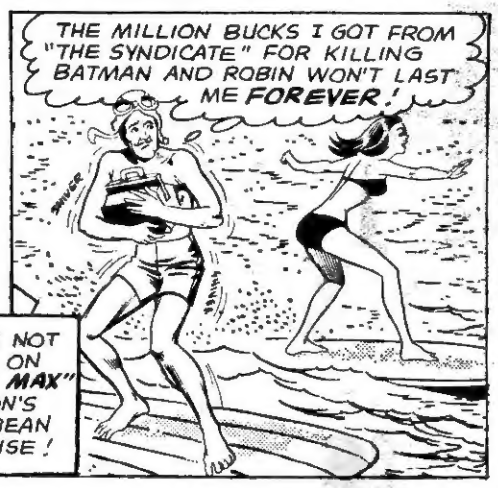

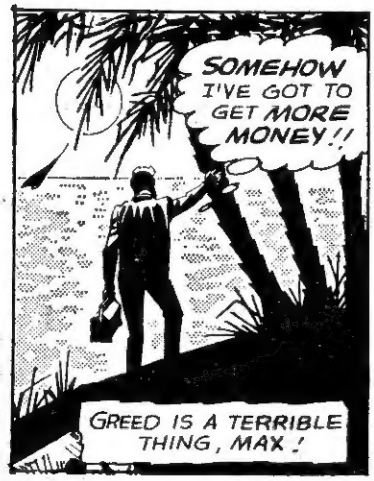

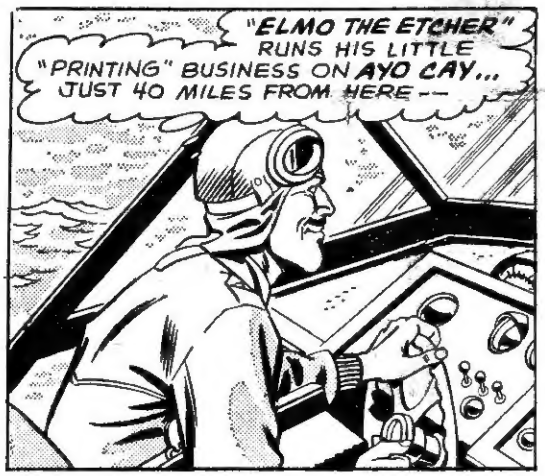

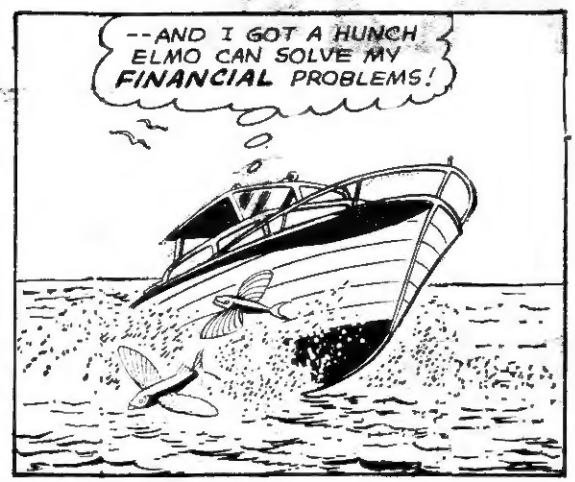

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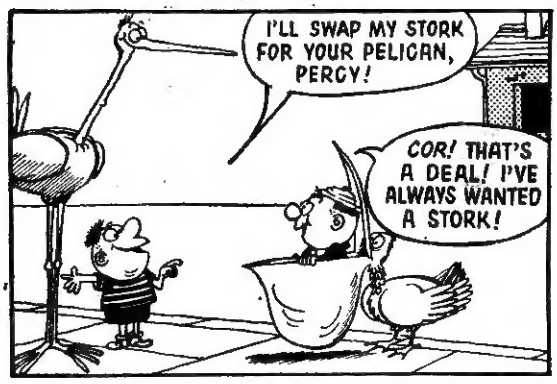
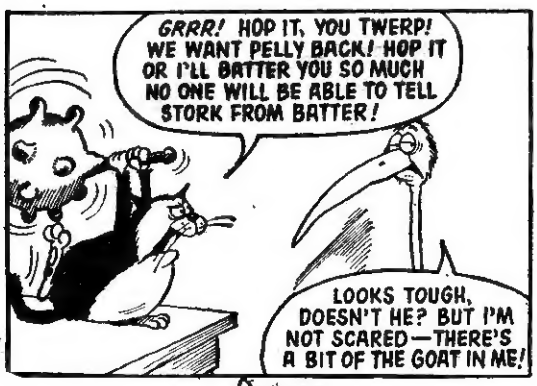
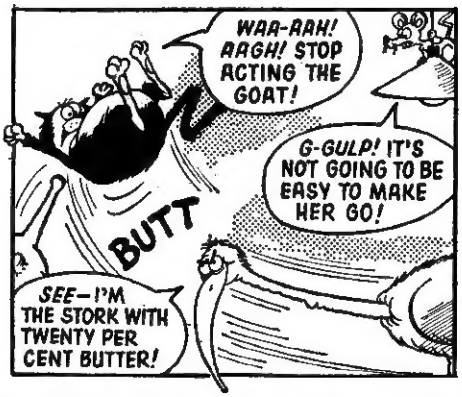
Percy's Pets

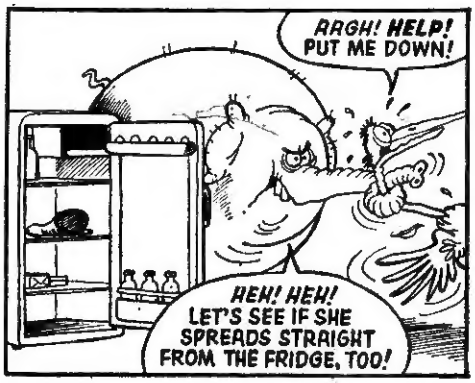

I'LL SWAP MY STORK FOR YOUR PELICAN, PERCY!
COR! THAT'S A DEAL! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED A STORK!

BOO! HOO! HOO! I'M NOT ONE OF PERCY'S PETS ANY MORE!
MEET THE NEW MEMBER!

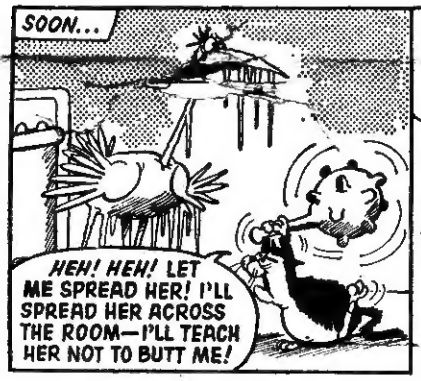
AAGH! WHAT'S PERCY DONE? HE MUST HAVE SWAPPED PELLY FOR THAT LONG-LEGGED FREAK!

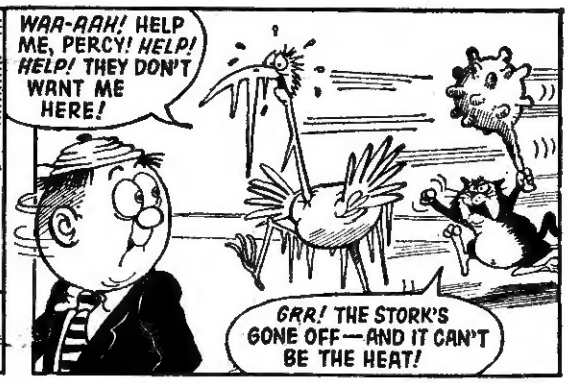

GRRR! HOP IT, YOU TWERP! WE WANT PELLY BACK! HOP IT OR I'LL BATTER YOU SO MUCH NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO TELL STORK FROM BATTER!
LOOKS TOUGH, DOESN'T HE? BUT I'M NOT SCARED—THERE'S A BIT OF THE GOAT IN ME!

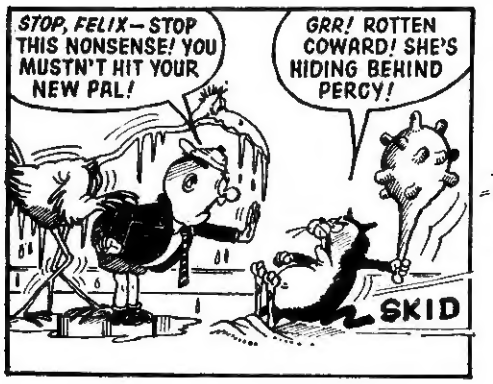

WAA-AAH! AAGH! STOP ACTING THE GOAT!
G-GULP! IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO MAKE HER GO!
BUTT
SEE—I'M THE STORK WITH TWENTY PER CENT BUTTER!


AAGH! HELP! PUT ME DOWN!
HEH! HEH! LET'S SEE IF SHE SPREADS STRAIGHT FROM THE FRIDGE, TOO!

LISTEN TO THAT! NEVER MIND—SHE'LL SOON COOL OFF!
WAA-AAH! LET ME OUT! IT'S F-FREEZING IN HERE! AAGH!
THUD!
THUMP!
BANG!

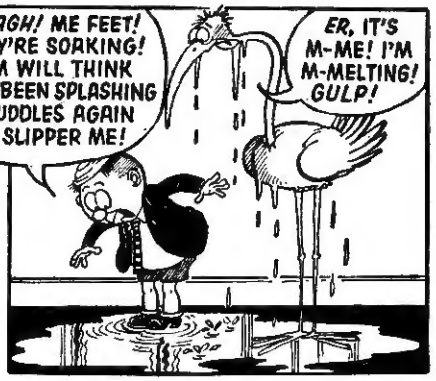

SOON...
HEH! HEH! LET ME SPREAD HER! I'LL SPREAD HER ACROSS THE ROOM—I'LL TEACH HER NOT TO BUTT ME!

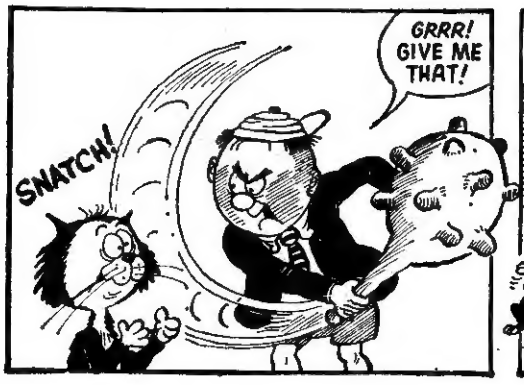

WAA-AAH! HELP ME, PERCY! HELP! HELP! THEY DON'T WANT ME HERE!
GRR! THE STORK'S GONE OFF—AND IT CAN'T BE THE HEAT!

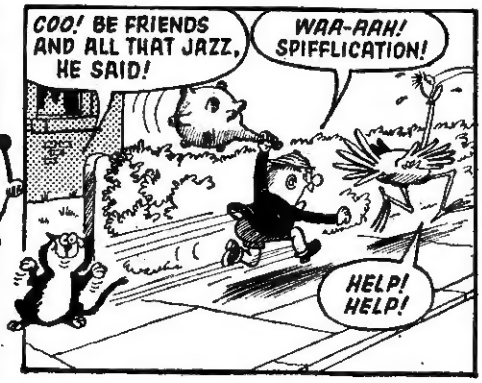

STOP, FELIX—STOP THIS NONSENSE! YOU MUSTN'T HIT YOUR NEW PAL!
GRR! ROTTEN COWARD! SHE'S HIDING BEHIND PERCY!
SKID

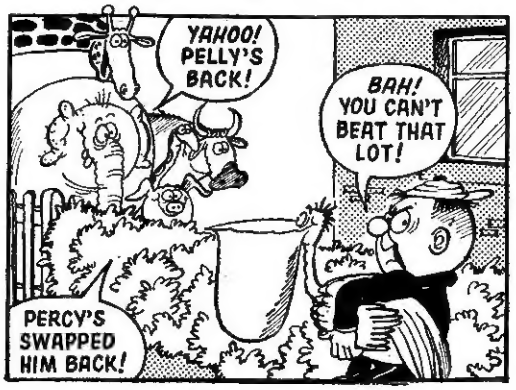
HALO! HALO! WE CAN'T HAVE FIGHTING IN THE HOUSE—YOU MUST ALL BE FRIENDS—HELP EACH OTHER THROUGH LIFE!
HALO

???


AAGH! ME FEET! THEY'RE SOAKING! MUM WILL THINK I'VE BEEN SPLASHING IN PUDDLES AGAIN AND SLIPPER ME!
ER, IT'S M-ME! I'M M-MELTING! GULP!

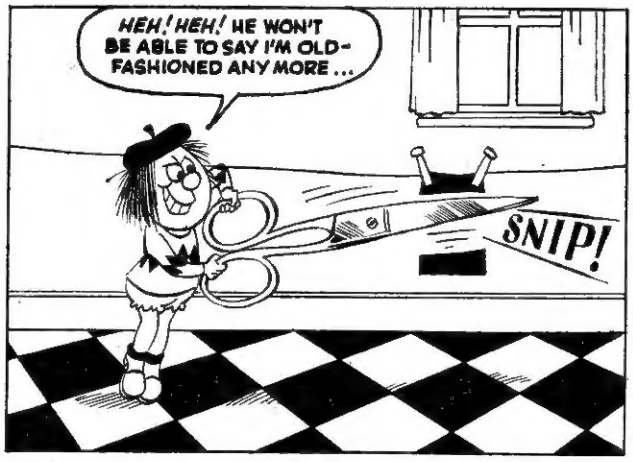

GRRR! GIVE ME THAT!
SNATCH!

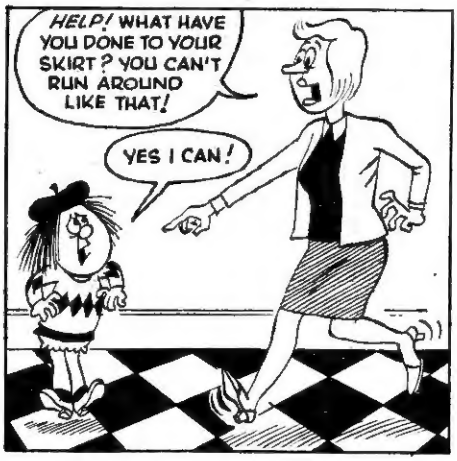

COO! BE FRIENDS AND ALL THAT JAZZ, HE SAID!
WAA-AAH! SPIFFLICATION!
HELP! HELP!

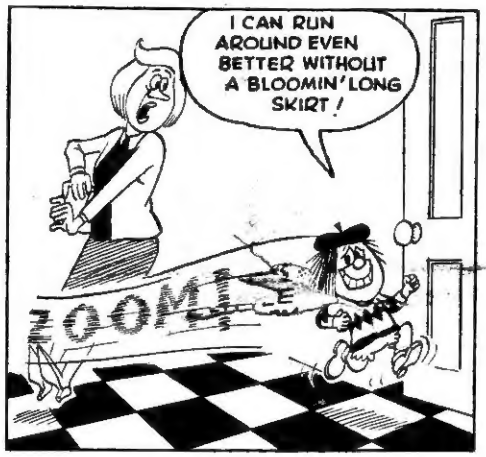

YAHOO! PELLY'S BACK!
BAH! YOU CAN'T BEAT THAT LOT!
PERCY'S SWAPPED HIM BACK!

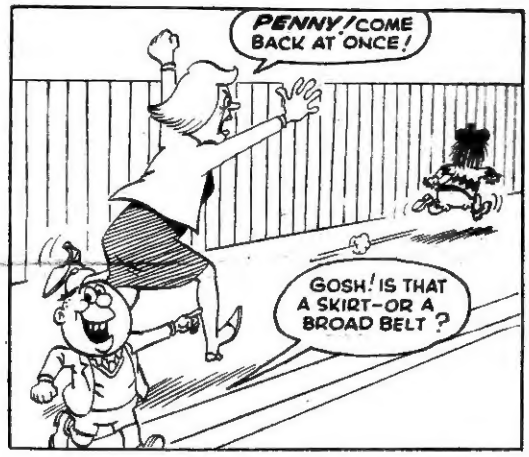
BAD PENNY

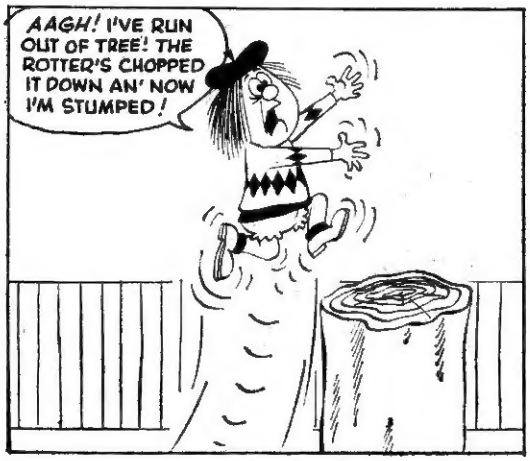
ONE PENNY 1968

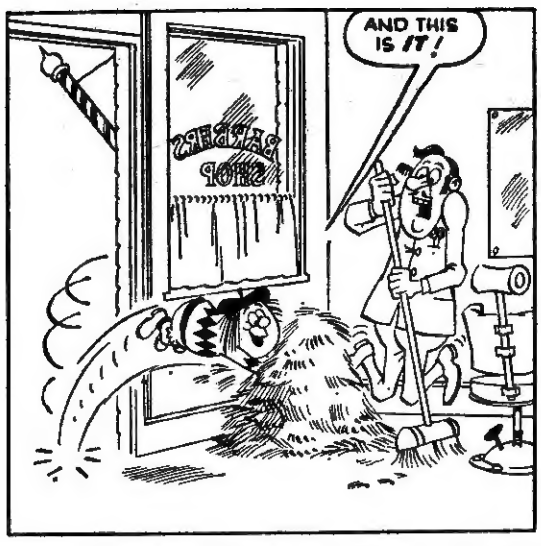











AND THIS IS IT!

RIGHT — WHERE IS SHE? I'M SURE I SAW HER COME IN HERE!
WELL, ER — ER —

— ER — SHE WENT —
PRESS!

AAGH!
CRACK!

NOW HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
SNIGGER! SNIGGER!
ROTTEN TRAITOR! I'LL SHUT HIM UP!

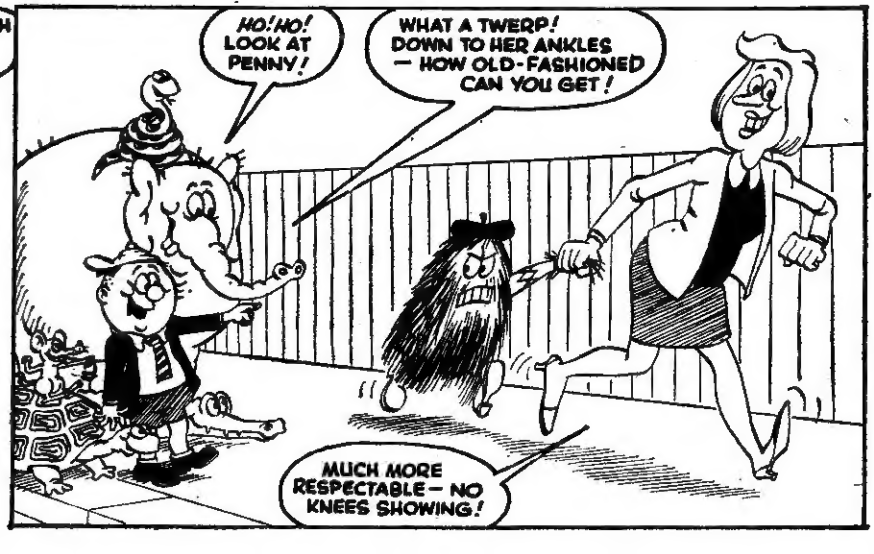
I MIGHT AS WELL GET RID OF MUM WHILE I'M ABOUT IT!

AAGH!
CRACK!
PRESS!

CRACK!
HAIR RESTORER

WHOOSH!
WA-AAH! THE ROOF'S LEAKING — HELP!
SPLOSH!

AAGH! I'M TOO YOUNG TO SHAVE!
SHO THATSH WHERE SHE WASH!


HO! HO! LOOK AT PENNY!
WHAT A TWERP! DOWN TO HER ANKLES — HOW OLD-FASHIONED CAN YOU GET!
MUCH MORE RESPECTABLE — NO KNEES SHOWING!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

THIS BIG BIG news, of course, is still the new POW! And the Brotherhood of Power "stick-em-on" tattoos we're giving away free! No fearlessly fashion-conscious frantic follower could DREAM of being without these GEARY gizmos. How else can you better prove that you're a true-blue Power Packed Person? Only maybe by buying, each week, A DOZEN copies of each Power Paper . . . but much as we like you to prove you love us we don't really expect you to go that far! Just spread the word, tigers! And this week's new POW helps you to do just that!

While we're still on the subject of the new POW, the short stories we're including have proved mightily successful in more ways than one. Judging by our enthusiastic mail, you LIKE them, and that's the most important thing. But they also enable us to get nearer to meeting ALL the needs of you readers. You see, all the time we get letters in asking us to please include a "western" story or a football story . . . and at the same time we get letters in begging us NOT to include westerns or football stories.

Well the POW short stories enable us to give you a sample of OUR kind of westerns or football story without committing you or us to a SERIES. Your response will tell us more clearly whether the MAJORITY of you want these Power-style westerns or football tales or not. Easy, eh? In fact the sheer LOGIC of it all scares us a little!

Don't think it's because it's getting to be a HABIT, will you . . . but we've got MORE big news coming your way . . . and MORE free gifts as well! All because we're never satisfied with what we've done (Power-wise, that is). Because we never stop trying to IMPROVE what we've done! And also because we LIKE to give gifts away for free! But nuff said for now. All the facts on the LATEST earth-shattering event, next week! So face front, tote tattoos . . . and WAIT for it!!

FLASH FROM SMASH! Because fair's fair and because CASANOVA COS has been beefing of late that other Power Papers are getting all the limelight, here's a barrage of unabashed bulletins straight from the "SMASH" cubby-hole. Didja know that RUBBERMAN is a[illegible]in Gay Paree, in which mystic city has also dwelt Picasso, Braque, Renoir, Dufy and other artistic greats? Didja know that BRIAN'S BRAIN has been even more successful than we anticipated and has, of a consequence, being awarded the distinguished rating of "SMASH-HIT"? Didja know that DARE-DEVIL is fast catching up on THOR for pride of place as Power Pack Heart-Throbber No. 1? Didja . . . well, we just CAN'T carry on because space, like time, is something we're always running out of. But soon, very very soon, we'll use the whole of the "64" page, just packing it full of pungent pieces about good old SMASH. And that, Brother Cos, is a promise!!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Alan Blatch, King's Lynn, Norfolk; Pamela Addis, Nelson, S. Wales; Geoffrey Allison, London, W.12; Andrew Spence, Leeds 11, Yorkshire; Lesley Billson, Panfield, Essex; Timothy Newton, Maidenhead, Berkshire; Richard Truscott, Penzance, Cornwall; Beryl Perring, Portsmouth, Hants.; Geraldine Smith, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Robert Perchard, Hatfield, Herts., Robert Giles, Grimsby, Lincs.; John Gaunt, Birmingham 20; Roger Somlin, Jersey; Pauline Crimshaw, Weymouth, Dorset; Lloyd McNeil, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire; Andrew Gates, Chesham, Bucks.; Stephen Garner, Woking, Surrey; Glenn Clark, Victoria, Australia; Ian Maxwell, Glasgow S.5, Scotland; Martin Lewis, Plymouth, Devon.

IT'S FREE IN EAGLE!

AT LAST — THE SECRET IS OUT! We told you it would be in this week's EAGLE — and here it is, with the wraps off! It's the very latest Ford car — just off the secrets list. This super press-out model in EAGLE this week looks just like the real thing, down to the last spark plug.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

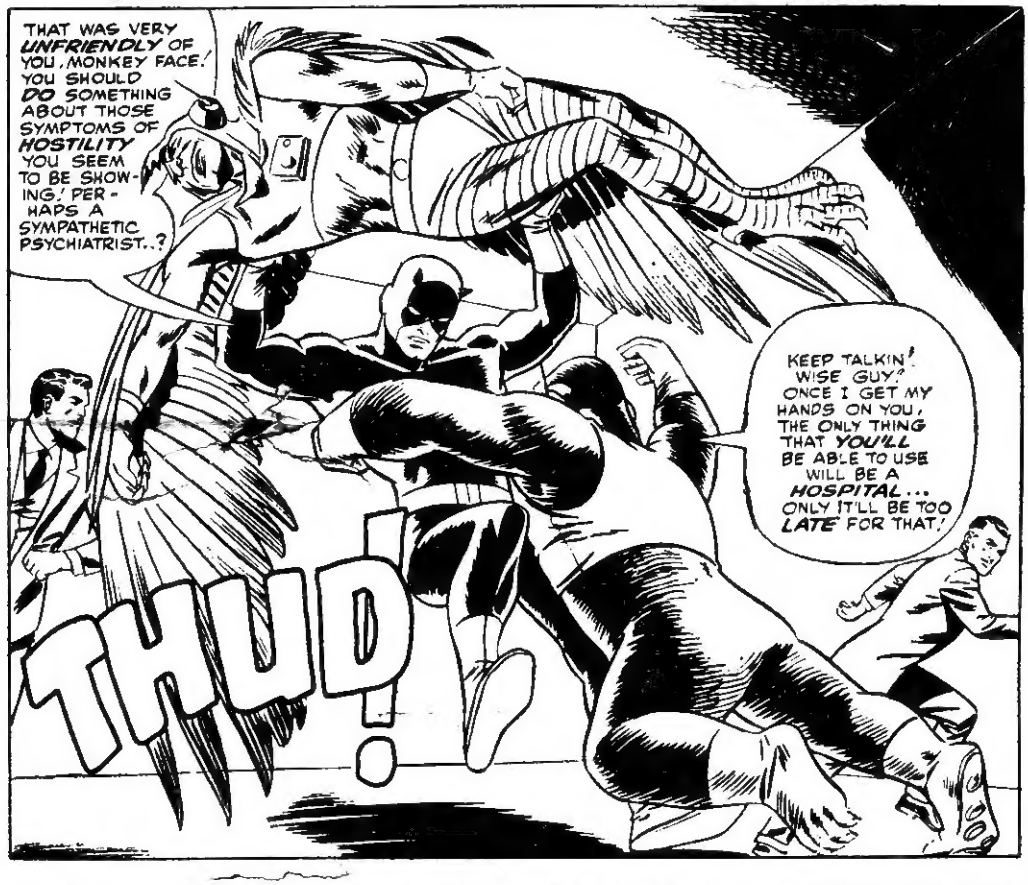
SO GET INTO TOP GEAR—AND ZOOM AROUND TO YOUR NEWSAGENT RIGHT AWAY TO ORDER

EAGLE ON SALE THIS WEDNESDAY!

DAREDEVIL DEFIES... THE ORGANIZATION OF FEAR!

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1963

WHAT'S HAPPENING—? WE'LL TELL YOU... THE ORGANIZER'S COSTUMED CROOKS AIM TO PUT DAREDEVIL OUT OF ACTION BEFORE HE CAN DISCLOSE THE IDENTITY OF THEIR LEADER. NOW PICK UP THE REST AS YOU GO.....



Y'KNOW, IT'S NOT YOUR FIGHTING THAT BOTHERS ME SO MUCH... IT'S HAVING TO LISTEN TO THOSE CORNY SPEECHES OF YOURS THAT'S THE WORST OF IT!
KLOP
YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET RID OF ME AS EASY AS YOU DID WITH THAT BRAINLESS APE MAN...!
WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WANT TO GET RID OF YOU? THE FLUTTERING OF YOUR LITTLE WINGS IS AS SOOTHING AS A LILTING LULLABY!
BUT, AFTER ALL, THERE CAN BE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING!
WHAP!
MPPPFFF..!
NOW DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING, PIN-FEATHERS! AFTER THIS, THEY'LL PUT YOU IN A NICE LITTLE CAGE, WHERE YOU'LL FEEL RIGHT AT HOME!
ENOUGH! I..I HAD IT! I GIVE UP! I GIVE UP!
ONLY DAREDEVIL COULD FIGHT TWO KILLERS LIKE THEM AND MAKE IT LOOK EASY!
GEE, THAT'S REAL GINGER-PEACHY OF YOU! ALL THIS TIME I THOUGHT YOU WERE WINNING!
I'LL BET HE COULD RECITE HAMLET WHILE HE FIGHTS AND NEVER MISS A LINE!
THEN, HEARING A SOFT SOUND BEHIND HIM, DAREDEVIL WHEELS ABOUT...
TENSE, ALERT, POISED, HE WAITS FOR THE APE MAN TO LAUNCH A NEW ATTACK...
BUT, AS DESPERATELY AS HIS ANTHROPOID FOE WANTS TO STRIKE...
EVEN THOUGH THE SPIRIT IS WILLING... THE FLESH, BATTERED AND BEATEN BY DAREDEVIL'S POUNDING BLOWS...
IT APPEARS THE ORGANIZATION HAS JUST BEEN.. DISBANDED!
PROVES TO BE... TOO WEAK!
THANKS FOR GIVING ME A CHANCE TO DO IT ALONE, GENTLEMEN! AND NOW, THEY'RE ALL YOURS!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE ORGANIZER? WHICH ONE IS HE?
I WAS HOPING YOU'D ASK!
AND, IF YOU'LL BE PATIENT A FEW MINUTES LONGER, I'LL BE RIGHT BACK... WITH THE ANSWER!
HEY, WAIT..!
LET HIM GO! HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!
I'VE GOT TO CONCENTRATE... TO SEPARATE THE THOUSANDS OF SOUNDS AND MENTAL IMAGES I'M RECEIVING ...UNTIL I FIND THE ONE I SEEK!
THEN ONCE AWAY FROM THE OTHERS THE CRIMSON CRIMEFIGHTER AGAIN PUTS HIS UNCANNY RADAR SENSE INTO PLAY...
AND THERE IT IS! IN THE NEXT ROOM!
NOW FOR THE MOMENT OF TRUTH!

DID AS YOU SAID, DAREDEVIL! JONAS WOULDN'T STOP, SO I TACKLED HIM! BUT, WHY? WHAT KIND OF DANGER WOULD HE HAVE BEEN IN IF HE RAN OUTSIDE?

LET ME UP! I'LL RUIN YOU FOR THIS! I'M A WEALTHY MAN... I'LL BREAK YOU, NELSON!

NO DANGER! WHAT I STARTED TO SAY WAS... "THERE'S DANGER OF HIM ESCAPING!"

ESCAPING? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT WOULD HE HAVE TO ESCAPE FROM?

THE LAW, FOR ONE THING!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL DROP THE ACT NOW, JONAS! OR, WOULD YOU FEEL MORE COMFORTABLE IF I ADDRESSED YOU BY YOUR OTHER NAME... IF I CALLED YOU ORGANIZER?

JONAS??! BUT... WHY WOULD THOSE TWO COSTUMED CROOKS TRY TO ABDUCT THEIR OWN LEADER?

THEY WERE REALLY TRYING TO HELP HIM ESCAPE... FOLLOWING HIS OWN ORDERS!

YOU'RE MAD! YOU HAVEN'T A SHRED OF PROOF!

THINK NOT? HOW ABOUT THIS RING FOR A STARTER!? YOU NEGLECTED TO TAKE IT OFF WHEN YOU APPEARED AS THE ORGANIZER!*

BLAST IT! I FORGOT!

* WONDER HOW MANY SPOTTED THIS CLUE LAST ISH!

MY RADAR SENSE PICKED UP THE RING EARLIER... AND PICKED IT UP AGAIN WHEN I WAS NEAR JONAS!

WELL, THAT MAKES ME THE PRIZE CHUMP OF THE YEAR! HE SURE HAD ME FOOLED!

CHUMP NOTHING! YOU WERE THE FIRST TO SUSPECT THAT THE PICTURE OF THE ORGANIZER ON TV WAS A PHONY... TAPED IN ADVANCE TO THROW SUSPICION ON MONROE!

YOU'VE PROVEN YOU DO HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE A FIGHTING D.A., MISTER!

THE NEXT MORNING...

I READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE PAPER, FOGGY! YOU WERE A HERO!

THEN, WHEN DEBORAH HARRIS POINTED THE FINGER AT HIM, JONAS HAD TO CONFESS! IT MUST HAVE BEEN SO THRILLING!

YES, KAREN... IT WAS REAL THRILLING!

Daily Pres

WHY... WHAT'S WRONG? YOU SEEM SO.. SO DEPRESSED!

I'M NO HERO, KAREN! I'M THE GOAT! DEBORAH HARRIS MADE A FOOL OF ME, AND JONAS HAD ME COMPLETELY BUFFALOED TOO... UNTIL THE END!

HE ONLY WANTED ME TO RUN FOR D.A. BECAUSE HE FELT HE COULD KEEP ME UNDER HIS THUMB AFTER THE ELECTION!

BUT FOGGY... HE FOOLED EVERYBODY!

EVERYBODY... EXCEPT DAREDEVIL! IF ONLY I COULD FIND OUT WHO HE REALLY IS!!

YOU'D PROBABLY BE DISAPPOINTED IN HIM! HE'S PROBABLY SOME SWAGGERING, CONCEITED SHOW-OFF, WHO HAS TO STAY IN THE PUBLIC EYE TO SATISFY HIS OWN OVER-INFLATED EGO!

MAYBE SO! BUT HE'S A BORN WINNER! WHILE, AS FOR ME..!

YOU'RE JUST A BORN GREAT GUY... WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW NICE HE REALLY IS!

IS THE BECAUSE SHE FEELS SORRY FOR ME... OR DOES IT MEAN WHAT I HOPE IT DOES?

BUT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, THE DOOR OPENS, AND...

KAREN AND FOGGY... KISSING! I MUSTN'T LET ON THAT I KNOW IT...!

KAREN.. FOGGY.. ARE YOU HERE?

OH! YES, MATT... WE WERE JUST... TALKING!

HER PULSE RATE HAS SPEEDED UP SINCE I WALKED IN! BUT, HOW CAN I TELL IF IT'S BECAUSE OF ANY FEELING FOR ME... OR JUST PLAIN EMBARRASSMENT?

WHEN IT COMES TO AFFAIRS OF THE HEART, I REALLY AM A BLIND MAN!

I SUPPOSE YOU'VE HEARD OF WHAT HAPPENED, MATT! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU WON'T BE HAVING A DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR A PARTNER!

I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT, FOGGY!

ANYWAY, WE STILL HAVE A LAW PRACTICE TO TAKE CARE OF! WHAT'S THE FIRST CASE TO WORK ON TODAY, KAREN?

I.. I'M AFRAID THERE ISN'T ANY, MATT! WE HAVEN'T HAD A SINGLE CLIENT!

IT'S MY FAULT.. FOR NEGLECTING OUR WORK DURING THE CAMPAIGN!

BR RING

BUT, WHY DIDN'T YOU SPEND MORE TIME AT THE OFFICE, MATT?

SORRY, PARTNER, THAT'S ONE QUESTION I DON'T DARE ANSWER FOR YOU!

WHAT'S THAT? OH, MR. NESBITT... OUR LANDLORD! YES, I KNOW THE RENT IS OVERDUE! WELL, MR. NELSON AND MR. MURDOCK HAVE BEEN BUSY... YES.. I'LL TELL THEM..!

NOT A CLIENT LEFT TO OUR NAME... AND NOW, THE OFFICE RENT IS OVERDUE!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! THEY'VE GOT TO MOVE TO A SMALLER, CHEAPER OFFICE... BUT THEY CAN'T, NOT SO LONG AS I'M PART OF THE FIRM!

Y'KNOW, I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TAKE A LEAVE OF ABSENCE FOR A LONG TIME... TO TRAVEL AND TAKE IT EASY! I THINK THIS WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO DO IT!

YOU MEAN YOU WANT OUT! LIKE A RAT DESERTING A SINKING SHIP... IS THAT IT?

FOGGY! DON'T SAY THAT!

NEW ARTIST! NEW STORY LINE! NEW SURPRISES! BUT THE SAME OLD ACTION, THRILLS AND SUSPENSE! TO PROVE IT HERE IS A PREVIEW OF WHAT TO EXPECT NEXT ISH!

MEET THE AMAZING KA-ZAR PLUS THE INCREDIBLE PLUNDERER IN A STORY YOU WILL NEVER FORGET!

MEET . . . Mister Knowall

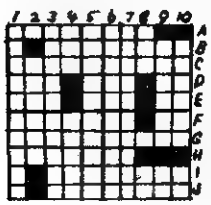
EVERYONE seems to be writing to ask me for new games these days. So I'll start with one that you can play between lessons, TV programmes—or even between this week's Smash and the next! Get the message? It's a lot of indoor fun that you'll never get tired of playing . . . it is called . . .

HERE'S a trick to get everyone guessing. Have three or four pieces of different coloured wax crayons wrapped up in tissue paper. Now ask a pal to pick one and hand it to you. Hold it behind your back while you pretend to think of the colour. Put one hand up to your face as if you are thinking hard. Then tell them what the colour of the crayon is. Hand back the crayon that is still behind your back and they'll open it to see that you guessed the right colour. How did you do it? Easy . . . when the crayon was behind your back, you opened it a little and scraped it with your nail. When you put your hand up to your face, you took a quick look at the scraping under your fingernail!

WAR IN THE AIR

The players do not need any more equipment than a pencil and sheet of paper each, marked up as the drawing below shows. Each player has one helicopter, three fighters and two bombers. These he secretly marks out on the chart — one square for the 'copter; two squares each for the fighters; three squares each for his bombers. Now you take it in turn to call out figures and letters. For example, call out D8 on the chart below and you've hit one of my bombers—right? And I must tell you if you've hit or missed.

When a player makes a hit he is entitled to the NEXT go and the next . . . until he scores a miss. A plane is shot down when ALL the squares it covers have been called out—lose all your aircraft, and you are out of the game. It is a good idea to also draw up a blank chart to keep a record of the shots you call out.



NOW a game for outdoors—because you're going to need plenty of room to manoeuvre. You need four players for this—two on each side; two lengths of rope about 8ft. long; two blindfolds and a couple of rolled-up newspapers . . . All set?

One player on each side acts as the "horse"—the other as the charioteer. To harness the "horse," double a rope and place the loop at the BACK of the "horse's" neck. Now bring down each end UNDER his arms to act as reins. The drawing shows how. The charioteer drives his "horse" by tugging the reins. A pull on the left means turn to the left; an up and down shake on both reins means go straight ahead; a pull backwards means come back. Each charioteer tries to guide his "horse" into the best position to strike his opponent. At no time must the charioteer speak to his "horse."

The winner is the chariot with the "horse" to first [illegible] opponent's paper or knock [illegible]

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

TO: MR. KNOWALL,
64, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2.

PROUD TO BE A POWER FAN?

Then you'll be THRILLED with the fabulous FREE GIFT! in the new POW this week!

Yes, there's a superb set of STICK-ON TATTOOS in POW, this week!

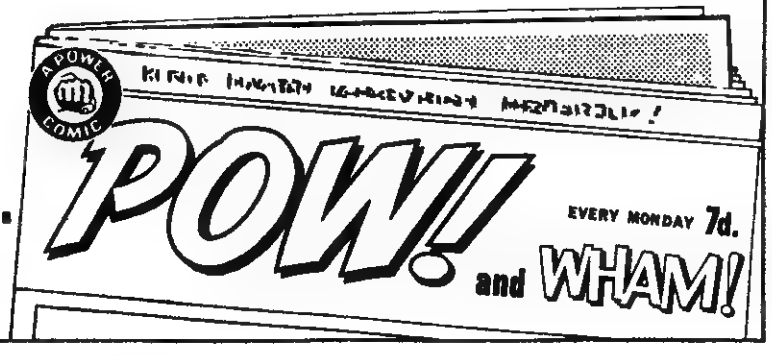
FREE! So you can SHOW THE WORLD you're a fully-fledged member of The Brotherhood of Power! The very last word in geary gizmos for every real-gone frantic one! Delectably drawn, copiously coloured right up here in the garret!

PLUS!

Another feast of fun and thrills . . . in the second issue of the new POW, the two-star picture paper that has the whole comics world BUZZING!

The first pages of a stupendous POW BOOK OF SUPER STARS OF THE SIXTIES! Packed with pics and info on the GREAT NAMES in sport, screen, stage and pop! A wonder book of reference you'll want to keep for EVER!

Ask for TODAY'S issue of...

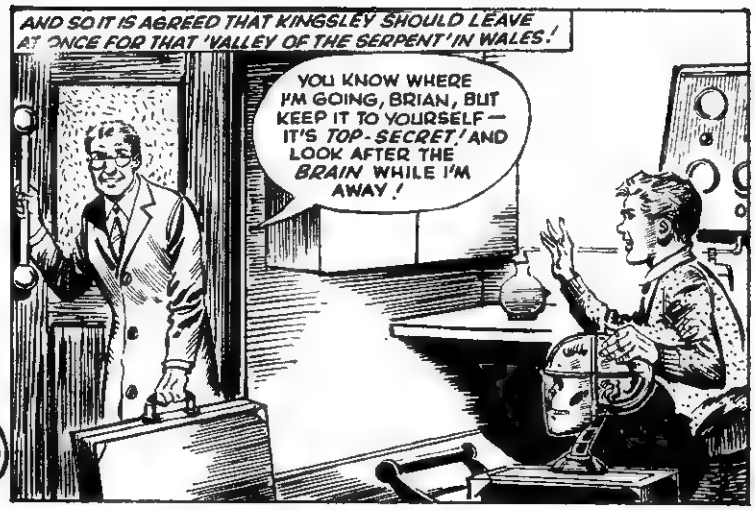


The SWOTS and the BLOTS

IT IS THE MOST FANTASTIC THING INVENTED BY MAN—IT IS...

BRIAN'S BRAIN

WE MUST SEND AN INVESTIGATOR... SOMEONE DISCREET... NOT A GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL... THAT WOULD CAUSE A PANIC!
HMM!-WE MUST BE CAREFUL...
WHAT ABOUT PROFESSOR KINGSLEY? HE'S A SOUND MAN AND A BRILLIANT SCIENTIST!


AND SO IT IS AGREED THAT KINGSLEY SHOULD LEAVE AT ONCE FOR THAT 'VALLEY OF THE SERPENT' IN WALES!
YOU KNOW WHERE I'M GOING, BRIAN, BUT KEEP IT TO YOURSELF — IT'S TOP-SECRET! AND LOOK AFTER THE BRAIN WHILE I'M AWAY!

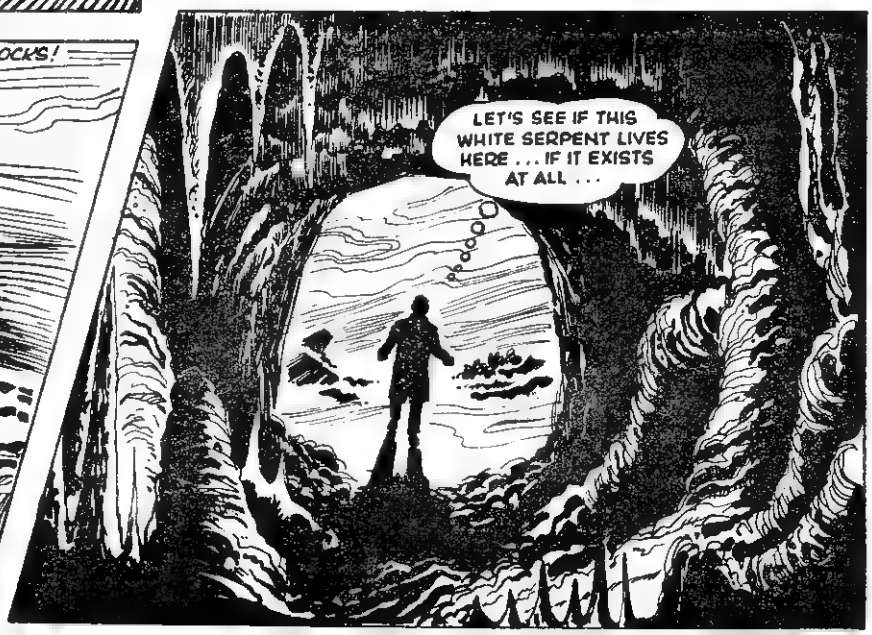
ALL SEEMS PEACEFUL ENOUGH WHEN THE PROFESSOR ARRIVES AT HIS DESTINATION...
IS THERE A HOTEL OR INN HERE?
ALONG THE ROAD, SIR — YOU CAN'T MISS IT!

BUT HE HAS HARDLY ENTERED THE HOTEL, WHEN...
HENRY — COME QUICKLY — AND BRING YOUR GUN! IT'S BEEN SEEN UP ON THE HILL!
YOU MEAN THE WHITE SERPENT?

THE PROFESSOR FOLLOWS THE MEN OUT OF THE VILLAGE...
OLD EMRYS SAW IT — KILLED A SHEEP, HE SAYS!
IN A WAY, I HOPE WE DON'T SEE IT! SEEING IT IS LIKE A CURSE!

THE MEN DO NOT SEARCH FOR LONG...
IT'LL SOON BE DARK, BOYS — AND THIS IS NO PLACE TO BE AT NIGHT!

BUT KINGSLEY IS MORE INTERESTED IN A DARK CLEFT IN THE ROCKS!
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE ENTRANCE TO A CAVE... I WONDER...


LET'S SEE IF THIS WHITE SERPENT LIVES HERE... IF IT EXISTS AT ALL...

STEP BY STEP, HE PENETRATES DEEPER INTO THE CAVE, STRAINING HIS EYES INTO THE ACHING GLOOM WHERE THE SUN'S RAYS HAVE NEVER REACHED . . .
I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING . . . OR DID I JUST IMAGINE . . .

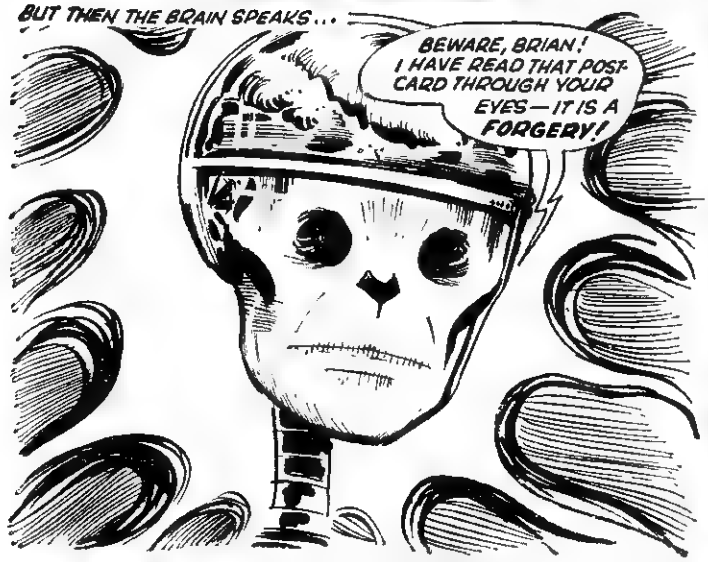
THEN . . .
AAGH!

HELP! HE-ELP!

BUT THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM THE SILENT, SLITHERING MONSTER . . .
NO! – NO!

THREE DAYS LATER, BRIAN COMES HOME FROM SCHOOL WITH HIS PAL DUFFY ROLLS . .
A POSTCARD! WHO'S IT FROM, BRIAN ?

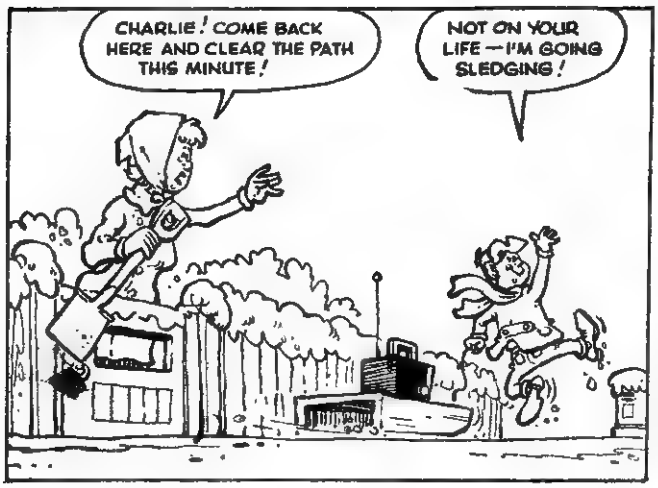
IT'S FROM DAD! — HE WANTS ME TO JOIN HIM IN WALES, AND TAKE THE BRAIN !
PERHAPS HE'S RUN ACROSS A DIFFICULTY ONLY THE BRAIN CAN SOLVE !

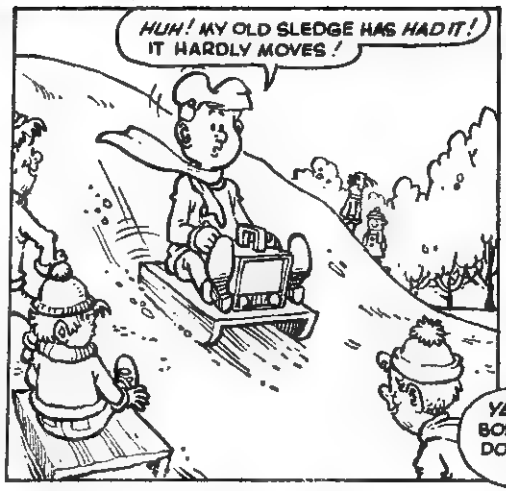

BUT THEN THE BRAIN SPEAKS . . .
BEWARE, BRIAN ! I HAVE READ THAT POST-CARD THROUGH YOUR EYES — IT IS A FORGERY!

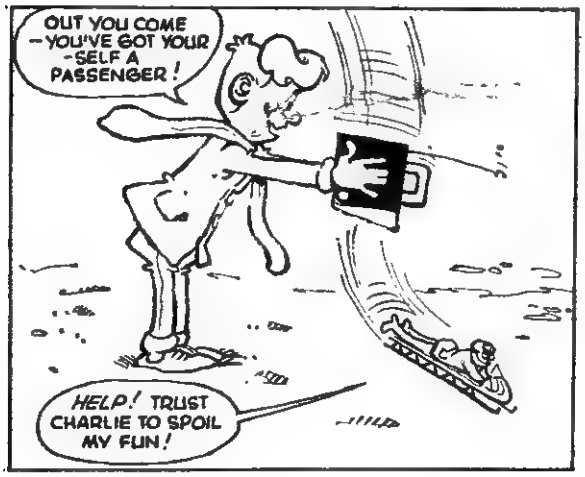
IT CAN'T BE ! IT'S IN MY DAD'S HANDWRITING — AND IT WAS POSTED FROM THE VILLAGE HE WENT TO ! I'M GOING !
THEN YOU ARE GOING . . . INTO A TRAP !
WILL BRIAN GO? AND IF HE DOES, WHAT WILL HE FIND? JUST TWO OF THE QUESTIONS TO BE ANSWERED IN NEXT WEEK'S THRILL-FILLED EPISODE!

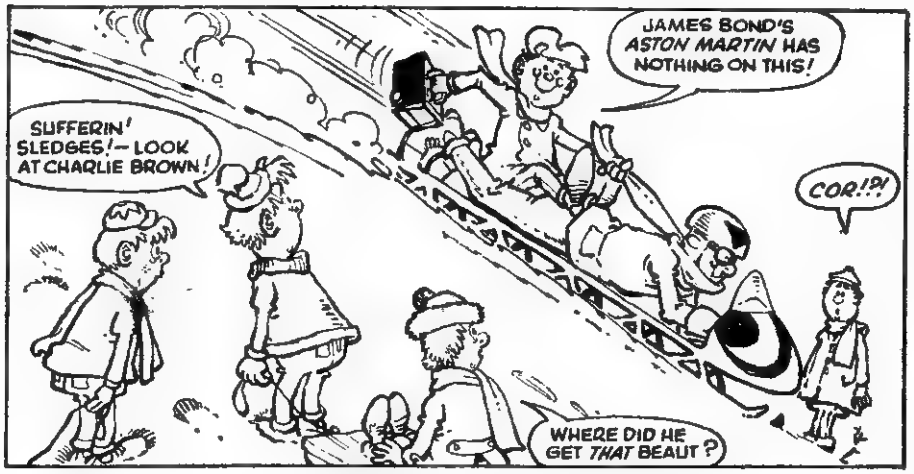
Charlie's Choice

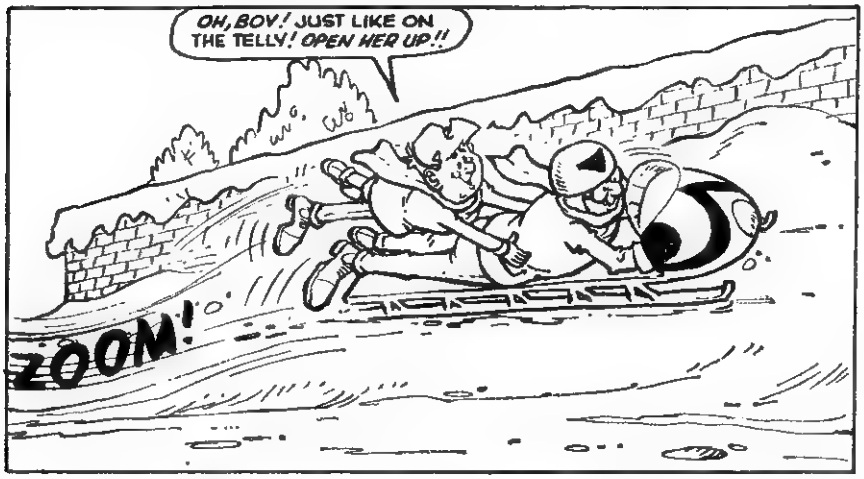
THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

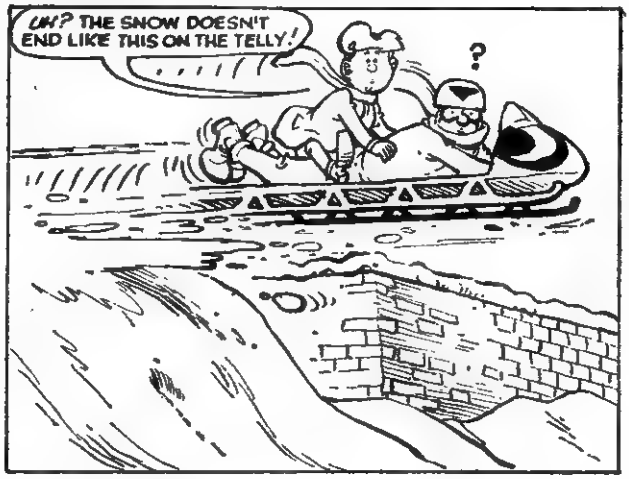


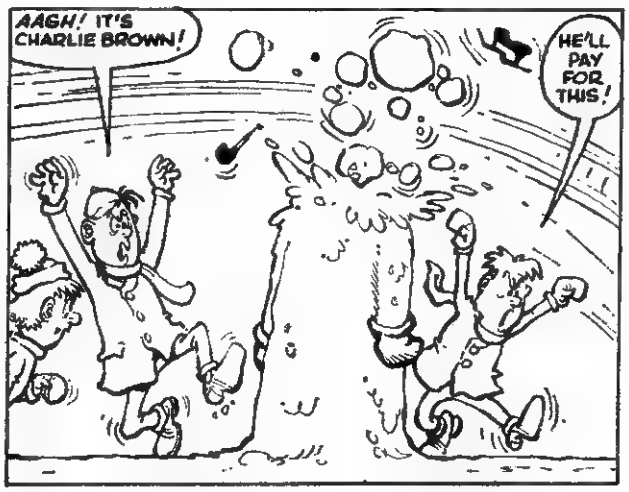


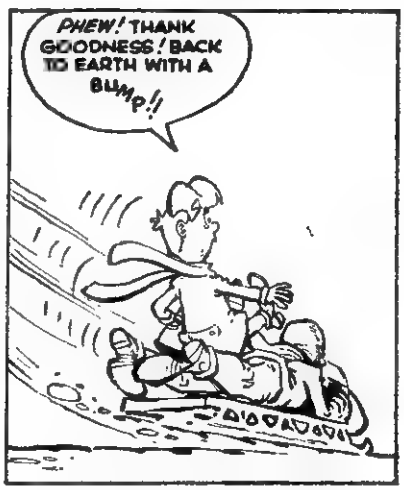




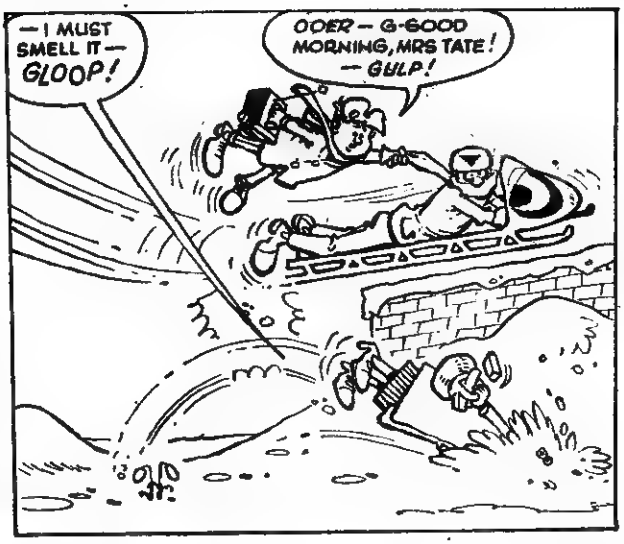




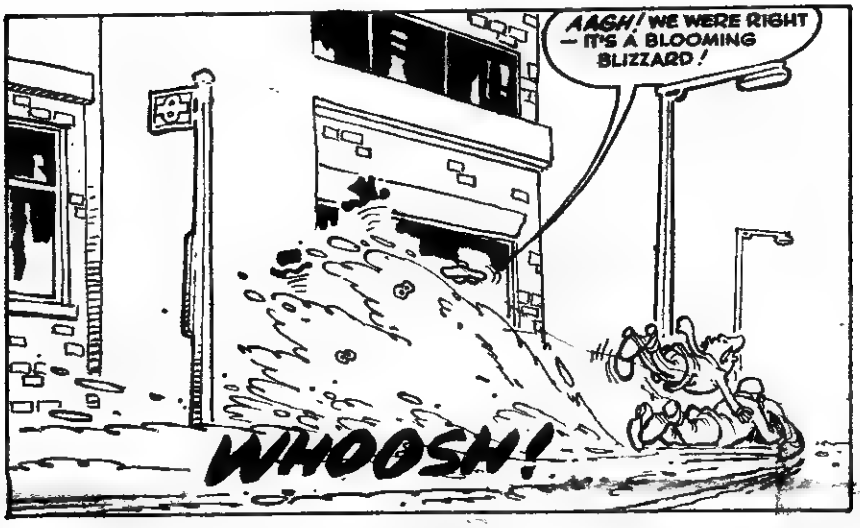


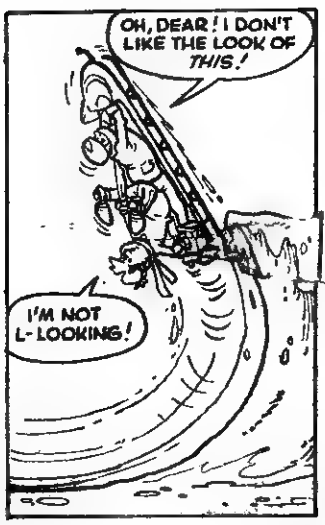


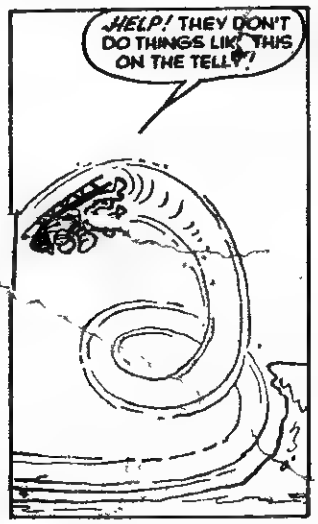
GOODNESS — A SNOWDROP! WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE FLOWER IT IS —


— I MUST SMELL IT — GLOOP!
ODER — G-GOOD MORNING, MRS TATE! — GULP!

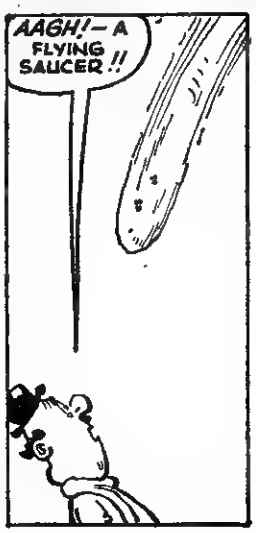
WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF WE GOT SOME MORE SNOW —
OR ME!

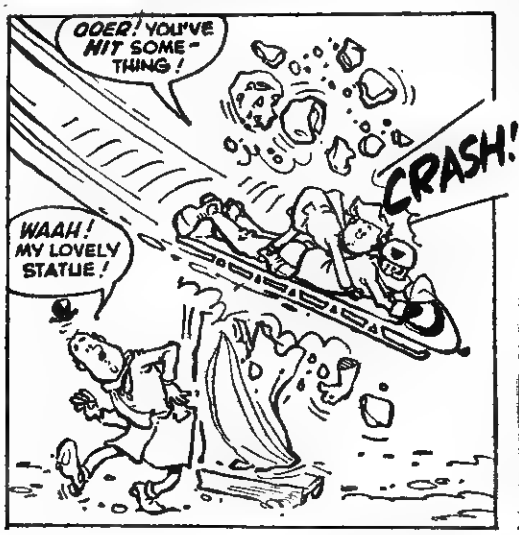

AAGH! WE WERE RIGHT — IT'S A BLOOMING BLIZZARD!
WHOOSH!


OH, DEAR! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS!
I'M NOT L-LOOKING!


HELP! THEY DON'T DO THINGS LIKE THIS ON THE TELLY!

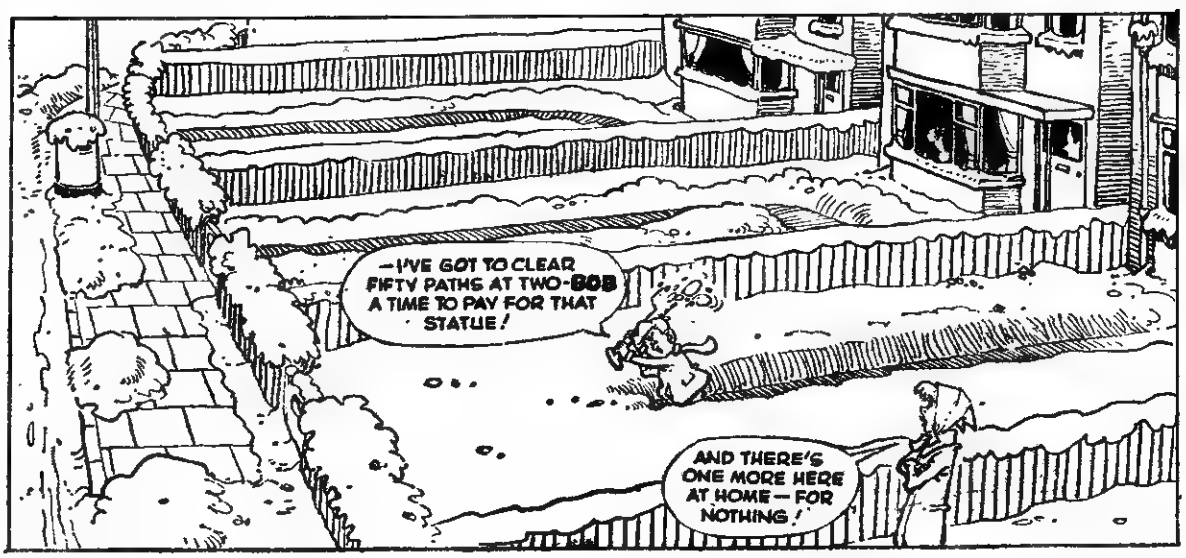
MEANWHILE, BELOW —
OH, BOY! AT LAST I'VE GOT THE STATUE I WANT FOR MY HALL — IT WILL LOOK LOVELY!


AAGH! — A FLYING SAUCER!!


ODER! YOU'VE HIT SOMETHING!
CRASH!
WAAH! MY LOVELY STATUE!

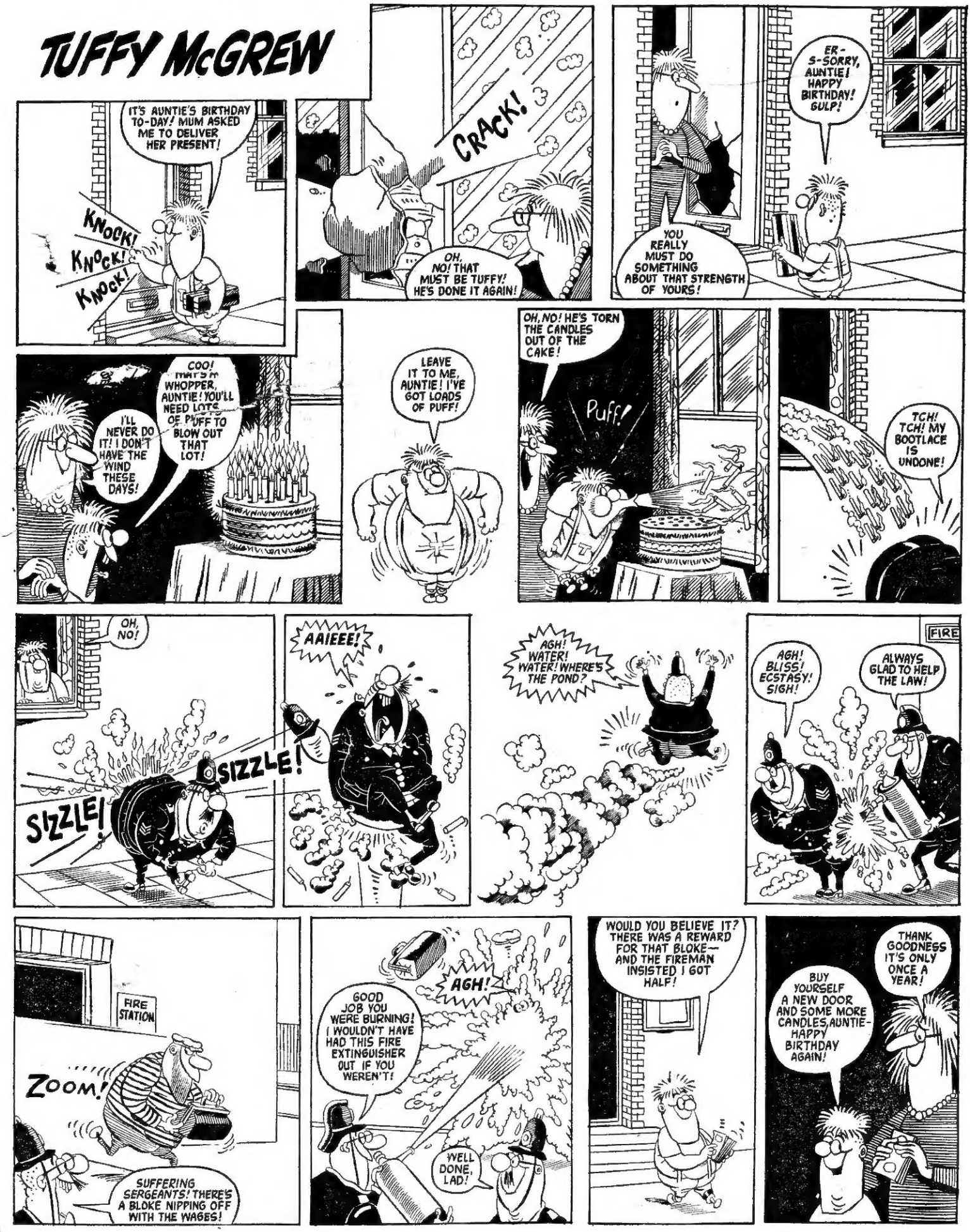
GRRR! YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT! — FIVE POUNDS — COUGH UP, LAD!
B-BUT I'M BROKE, SIR!
SO IS MY STATUE!
SO AM I! — IT'S BACK TO THE TELLY FOR ME!

BAH! NOW I KNOW WHY THEY CALL THEM BOBSLEIGHS!


— I'VE GOT TO CLEAR FIFTY PATHS AT TWO-BOB A TIME TO PAY FOR THAT STATUE!
AND THERE'S ONE MORE HERE AT HOME — FOR NOTHING!

MEET THE STRONGEST BOY IN THE WORLD . . .

TUFFY McGREW

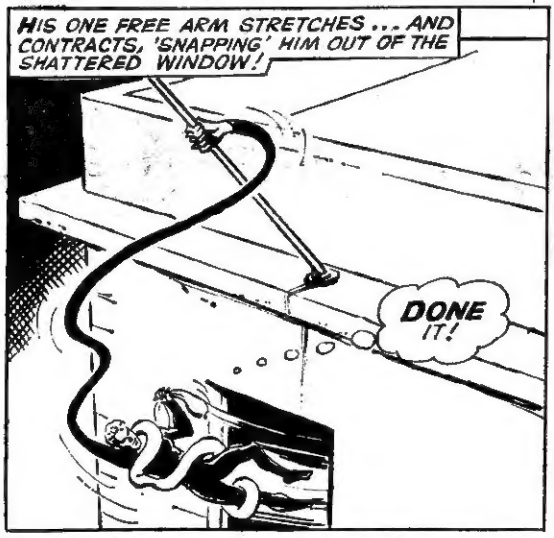


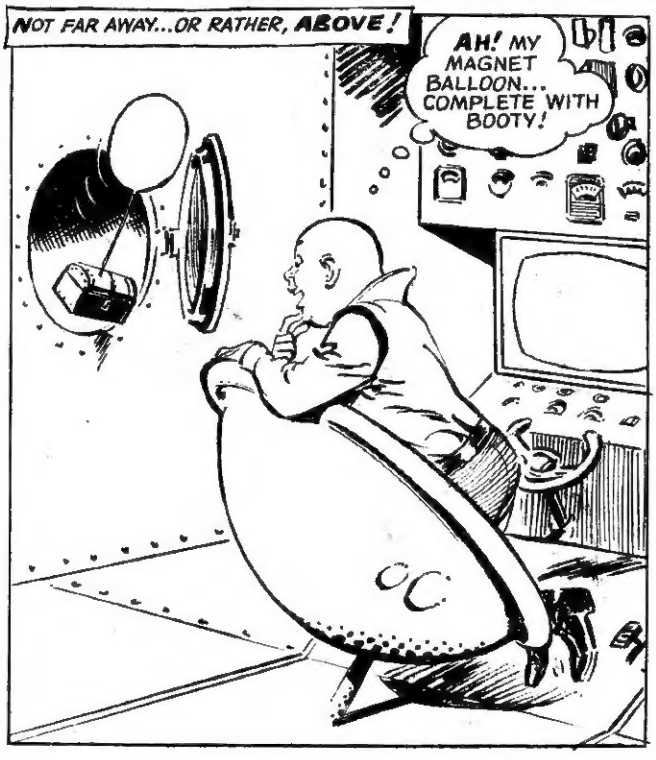
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—IF HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

IN BERLIN, RUBBERMAN GUARDS AN ARAB NATION'S JEWELS, BUT THEY ARE STOLEN... BY BALLOONS..!





THE NEXT MORNING RUBBERMAN HAS TO FACE THE FURY OF THE OWNER OF THE STOLEN JEWELS...

YOU INSULT US WITH THIS FANTASTIC TALE ABOUT **BALLOONS**! DO YOU TAKE US FOR IDIOTS?

THEN...

LOOK! A BALLOON! GOING UP IN THE AIR!

BALLOON?

LOOK! IT'S RUBBERMAN! WHAT IS HE UP TO?

A BALLOON! IT'S A **LEAD**...A SLIM ONE... BUT THE ONLY ONE I HAVE!

I MUSTN'T LET IT DISAPPEAR... WITHOUT CHECKING IT FIRST...!

BUT THE BALLOON MASTER HAS SEEN HIS EVERY MOVE...

HMMMM! UNDOUBTEDLY THIS IS RUBBERMAN, OF WHOM I HAVE HEARD SO MUCH! LET ME SEE, HOW SHALL I REMOVE HIM???

...WHICH BALLOON SHALL I USE? EXPLOSIVE? ACID-CARRYING? ULTRA-MAGNETIC? WHICHEVER ONE I CHOOSE...IT WILL CERTAINLY MEAN THE END OF THE POOR FELLOW!

AH, YES! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT AT FIRST? **THIS** IS THE ONE!

GOODBYE, RUBBERMAN! FAREWELL!

CLICK!

CAN EVEN RUBBERMAN SURVIVE A SUDDEN ATTACK FROM ONE OF THE DEADLY BALLOONS? YOU'LL KNOW WHEN **WE** KNOW—AND THAT'S NEXT ISH!